SPAIN'S BRAVE FEW.

FUL AT BALER.

A Company of Soldiers Defied Aguinaldo's Men For Nearly a Year-Desperate Straits Which Carried Off Almost Half the Men.

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PAIN has something to grow wild over, after all, in the way of martial valor displayed in the war of 1898. Americans can rejoice, too, for the new heroes fought in the Philippines. It is a remarkable story which now may be pleced together from the state-

ments of witnesses and participants, odd dispatches and accounts, the details of the defense of Baler-Baler, in Luzon.

On the 2d of September there was a banquet and reception at Barcelona in honor of 30 returning braves who had held up the flag of Spain in the center | them in for food. Cats and dogs were of the island for over a year. This was the last scene in the drama and came upon the heels of the trial of Toral and other generals for cowardice in hastily surrendering Santiago. Auother scene was the ovation given in Manila by Spanlards and Americans alike to the troop of barefooted boys whom the insurgents, out of sheer admiration for bravery, had permitted to march out from their bristling citadel with the honors of war after a year of defense, which had reduced the garrison from 55 to 31 men.

It was two months after the victory of Dewey over the Spanish navy and while our own troops were nearing the Philippines to capture the cities and towns that the insurgents in the Principe province, in eastern Luzon, hoisted the flag of defiance to Spain. There were only 55 of the king's soldiers in the province. They constituted a company under the lead of Captain Morenas and four lieutenants. The only defensible building in the town is a stone and brick church, and this Captain Morenas converted into a fortress, making it ready for a long slege. A Spanish flag was hoisted on the belfry, and stores of rice and wood were laid in, the wells and cisterns filled and rain barrels placed to catch water from the roof. Evidently the plucky officers had a presentiment of the fate in store which was to be 337 days of patient waiting, arms in hand, interspersed with campaigns of assault and of gallant sorties for relief. It was well for Captain Morenas that

he acted with more than the usual Spanish energy, not walting the convenient "tomorrow, tomorrow" of his countrymen, for just three days after he barred the doors of the church a force of 500 of Aguinaldo's troops, under General Ardez, marched upon Baler. The first act was a bold demand for the surrender of the church and when that was refused the Filipinos tried to carry the citadel by storm. The result was like that of Santa Anna's Mexican bordes assaulting the Alamo, defended by the rifles of the Texans under Travis, Crockett and Bowie. The belfry, the windows and the wails of the church served as coigns of vantage for the few riflemen, and they were better marksmen than do's men soon beat a retreat, leaving dead and wounded behind them.

A siege was then begun in the hope of tiring the Spaniards out by frequent attacks in superior force. Early in August, the fifth week of the siege, the enemy made another attack on the south side of the church, at the same time attempting to scale the walls on the ground. The cook's quarters were on that side, and as there happened to be plenty of boiling water in the kettle the assailants were deluged with it and sent tumbling and howling to the ground. The cook then rallied some soldlers and the ladders were thrown down. The attack failed on both sides, and the insurgents took refuge in trenches.

After wasting five weeks in vain efforts to wear out the garrison the enemy sent three priests into the church to prevail upon Captain Morenas to surrender. The priests, however, joined fortunes with the Spaniards, nursing the wounded and even standing as sentries to ward off surprise. On Oct. 10 a new general came to the field, bringing fresh troops and three cannon. Demand for surrender was again spurned, and the cannon opened for the purpose of razing the church, as had been threatened in the demand for surrender. One shell entered the citadel, severely wounding the surgeon. During the fight Lieutenant Martin, second in command to Morenas, was hit by bullets while he directed the riflemen. Several insurgents were killed around the guns, one of the cannon burst and the affair ended in a general stampede. The new general gave up the task, turning the command over to a colonel.

Two weeks after the attack with cannon Captain Morenas died, as one account states, of fever. It is said also that he was shot by Lieutenant Martin for attempting to surrender. Martin was sick at the time with his wounds and a fever. Lieutenant Zayas took command meanwhile, but only lived a month. Soldiers were dying of wounds and fever. Although a great sufferer himself. Lieutenant Martin assumed command and quickly planned relief. The church lacked ventilation, and the dead were buried in the aisles.

A sortle was resolved upon as a means to inspire the men, give them fresh air and drive the enemy to a distance. When all was ready, the doors were HEROIC DEFENSE MADE BY A HAND- thrown open and the little band charged furiously to the first trench, losing one killed and three wounded. The insurgents were routed and the Spaniards followed up, burning the nearby houses which had been used as cover by the besiegers. It was then safe to open the doors and windows of the fortress a few hours daily for ventilation. The bodies were also removed and buried in the trenches outside.

This sortie took place in December, and the Spaniards held the works outside for several days, long enough to banish the fever and restore the men to health. The winter passed without further attacks, but early in April the insurgents appeared in force, ready to assault the church on all sides. Great piles of wood were placed against the walls to be fired, where the wind would carry the smoke into the building and suffocate the defenders. A heavy rifle fire drove away the natives who attempted to ply the torch, and at night the wood was carried inside for cook's fuel. A party of insurgents tried to scale the windows with ladders, and the ever ready bolling water drove

By this time the food of the garrison was at a low ebb. The men shot snakes outside, and at night brought



entleed inside and devoured, and even the rats which infested the place had to be drawn upon for food. For a time leaves of the calabasa growing in the churchyard was the only food. Finally Lieutenant Martin bribed a native to bring up small quantities of rice at night and leave it where his men could get it.

Two weeks after the last attempt to carry the citadel the first attempt at rescue from the outside was made by the United States warship Yorktown. Anchoring off Baler, the ship dispatched a cutter manned by 14 men under Lieutenant Gilmore to make soundings in the river and learn whether the vessel could sail up to the town.

The party disappeared from view behind a hill, and soon afterward volleys of musketry followed by cheers gave notice of a skirmish. Boats were sent out, but the searchers were fired upon, and the Filipinos refused to tell of the fate of Gilmore's party. At first they were reported massacred, but later it was learned that they were prisoners to the insurgents.

Aguinaldo refused to release Lieutenant Gilmore's party with other prisoners sent to the American camp.

All the news gained by the Yorktown was that there was a Spanish the average Spaniard of '98. Aguinal- flag flying over the church at Baler months after the Spanish had surrendered the island. This was seen by lookouts from the ship who climbed a high mountain to watch the progress of Lieutenant Gilmore's party and sound alarm in case of danger. The scene of the attack was shut off from the view of the lookouts. They reported three volleys and wild cheers, a fact which the north. Scaling ladders were brought | led to the surmise that the band had up, and the nimble natives began to been massacred. The Spaniards saw climb to the windows, 20 feet from the warship, but, not knowing that the Spanish sway was ended in the Philippines, supposed that it was one of their own ships come to the rescue. They burned lights in the church tower at night and made distress signals by day, but the Yorktown sailed off, leaving them to their fate.

Among the captures with the Yorktown party was a magazine gun, and with this the Filipinos tried to drive out the brave garrison, and they might have succeeded had they known how to use the terrible machine. But they broke it beyond repair at the end of half a dozen rounds. The true purport of the visit of the Yorktown was made known to the brave garrison by kindly priests, and Lieutenant Martin resolved to capitulate. White flags were displayed on the walls, and terms were proposed and discussed to the acceptance of both parties, it seemed. Sick and wounded defenders were placed on stretchers, and, headed by the lieutenant, who was lying on a stretcher himself, the little band, reduced to 31 souls, stood ready to march out. At the last moment it became known that the insurgents looked upon the move as an unconditional surrender. The Spaniards then sullenly drew back, reloaded their guns and took their stations.

"We do not surrender!" shouted the gallant leader, from a window. "You should know us better. We will never surrender!" The natives held a parley and finally shouted, "When will you surrender?"

"When we rot!" replied the lieuten-

The Spaniards were ready to capitulate-that is, march out of their fort with the honors of war and be returned to their friends. This was granted, and they came out on May 31, carrying arms and flags and a pass from Aguinaldo giving them safe conduct to the American lines at Manila.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

THE MEMORY MAN'S DILEMMA. 心理可能到



"My dear young man! By my system the memory is made absolutely



(Five minutes later). "Gah! G-r-r-r-r! I'll go mad! That fellow forgot to leave his \$2 and I've forgotten his name and address."

DO SHARKS EAT MEN?

Doubt Cast Upon Many Thrilling Stories of the Sen.

Some authorities aver that there are no man eating sharks, but stories of human meals made by "tigers of the sea" are exceedingly common among scafaring men, says the New York Press. At the same time men who know all about sharks and are not fond of drawing the long bow declare these big fish to be great cowards. One of the best authenticated man eating shark stories comes from the Cuban coast. It is told by a man who had lived along the shores of the gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea for years and had never known a shark to bite a man. One day he went sailing with a friend. When the friend jibed without taking in the sheet, the boom knocked him overboard. Some one jumped to the helm, put about and threw an oar to the man. He seized it and began swimming for the boat, when suddealy he sank below the waves with a wild scream, "as if jerked from below," and was seen no mere.

"It was believed he was eaten by a shark," says the story teller, "but no blood was seen in the water, nor did the man eater come to the surface, if there was one. It certainly looked suspicious, but I have seen men go down almost as suddenly with cramp or fright."

Another man eating shark story comes from Honolulu, the supposed victim of the "sea tigers" being Joseph Lawrence, an aeronaut, who went there some years ago to give aeronautic exhibitions. He made several ascensions successfully, coming down by means of his parachute in the sea, near shore, but one day he was carried some miles out over the sea and beyond the reef. It was two hours



TERROR OF THE SEA. before a tug could be got ready. Then no trace could be found of him, and it was generally accepted that he had been

eaten by sharks. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the sharks which swim in tropical waters are prone to eat human flesh if they can get it, while those which abound in colder seas are not so dangerous. Still there are few men who would take the risk of swimming alongside a shark of any breed in any sea, and the fishermen of Maine assert that the small sharks of their coast, known colloquially as "dogfish." are man killers of the fiercest type. They tell stories to bear out the assertion, too, but not many of their stories contain convincing details as to names, dates and localities.

Sure Hit.

"The best way to tickle a man's vanisays the Manayunk philosopher, "is to tell him he hasn't any."-Philadelphia

-Ally Sloper. THE STAY AT HOME.

There's dress an hood to buy f'r Jane,

A pair o' pants fir John, A whole outfit f'r Buster Bill, An winter's comin on. But baby Nan, the stay at home, Jis' laughs an never knows That all on earth she has to wear

Is ole made over clothes. There's books to to buy f'r them at school-

It makes a pore man sick To hear 'em holler 'joggafy'' An "mental 'rithmetic,' But, thank the Lord, the stay at home Is mighty hard to please-

Jis' gits the fam'ly almanae An reads it on her knees. An writin books an drawin books-They never seem to think How much it costs to buy sich truck-

An pencils, pens an ink. But little Nan, the stay at home, She knows her daddy's pore-Jis' gits a charcoal pen an writes Her lesson on the floor.

There's boots to buy f'r Buster Bill.

An boots to buy f'r John, An shoes f'r Jane an ma an I, Till all my money's gone. the stay at home, Is left to do without-Jis' wears her homemade moccasins

An crows an crawls about. 'Pears like that all I rake an scrape Won't hardly sadisfy The pressin needs o' Bill an John An Jane an ma an I.

But buby Nau, the stay at home, Is full o' sweet content-Jis' cuddles up in daddy's arms An never wants a cent. - George Weymouth in Century.

A Haunted Grave.

In Abu Hamed, in the Sudan, is the grave of a British officer which has the reputation among the tribes of the Sudan of being haunted. It is the resting place of Major Sidney of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry and bey in the Egyptian army, who was shot while charging at the head of his regiment, the Tenth Sudanese, in the battle of Abu Hamed, Aug. 7, 1897. The natives are convinced that it is watched regularly every night by the ghosts of the native soldiers who were killed at Abu Hamed 23 and who mount guard over their dead commander's tomb, challenging, with every military detail, all passers by. So implicitly is this legend credited by the blacks that none of them will after dusk approach the grave. Any one doing so is believed to be promptly halted by a phantom sentry, and even the words (in Arabic) "Guard, turn out!" are often plainly heard some distance off across the desert.

Legends of the Apple. The apple enters more largely into folklore and legend than almost any other fruit. In England there was of old a peculiar dance in honor of the apple tree, and various songs were sung and bowls of cider emptied to secure a good apple harvest from the fates. In Germany the girls "snap apple seeds" on New Year's eve to see from which direction a lover is coming. In Austria a girl cuts an apple in two at one blow and counts the seeds. If there are as many in one half as in the other, she will marry. If they are odd, she will be an old maid. If a seed is cut in two, she will quarrel with her busband and be separated from him.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not a Real Count. Myrtle-Why do you think the count is a fraud?

Alice-Because of the way he acted when I showed him the paper containing an account of papa's failure. 'Myrtle-What did he do? Break the

engagement? Alice-No. He threw his arms around me and said, "Never mind, darling; you and I can be happy as long as we are left to each other, no matter whether we have money or not."-Chicago Times Herald.

Proprietor-I'm looking for a man I

can trust. Applicant-We'll get along then. For ten years I've done nothing but look for a man that would trust me .- Detroit Free Press.

S. S. S. GOES TO THE BOTTOM.

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of all Blood Diseases and Seat In every test made S. S. S. easily demonstrates its superiority over other blood remedies. It matters not how obstinate the case, nor what other treatment or remedies have failed, S. S. S. always promptly reaches and cures any disease where the blood is in any way involved. disease where the blood is in any way involved.

Cures the Worst Cases.

disease where the blood is in any way involved.

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only to break forth again more violently than ever; S. S. S. trace of taint, and rids the system of it forever.

Mrs. T. W. Lee, Montgomery, Ala., writes: "Some years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and in my great extremity I prayed to die. Several prominent physicians treated me, but all to no purpose. The mercury and potash which they gave me seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it, to try Swift's Specific. I improved from the start, as the medicine seemed to go direct to the cause of the trouble and force the poison out. Twenty bottles cured me completely." Swift's Specific—



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